THE
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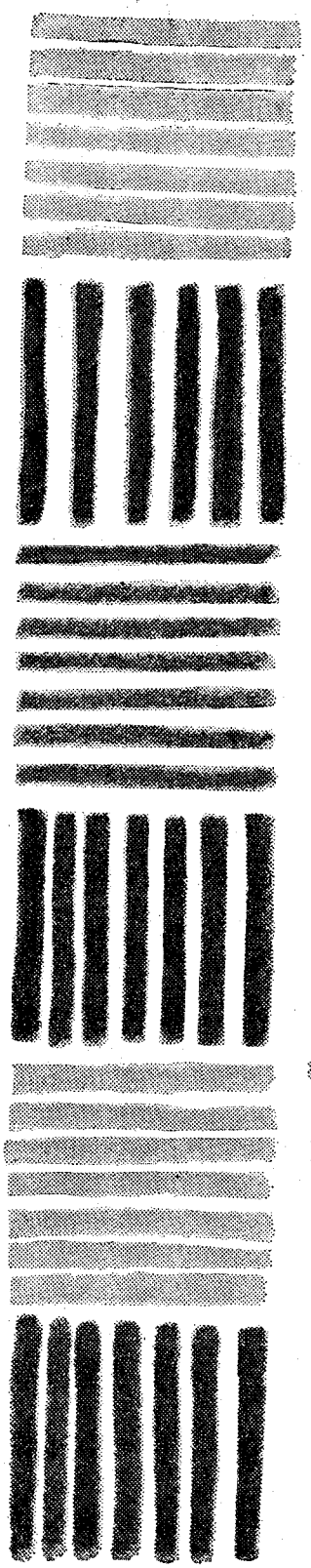

LEGIONS OF DESPAIR:

THE FRENCH ARMY IN REVOLT

by David Thomson

LEGAL TORTURE:

OUR IMMORAL DRUG LAWS

by Alfred R. Lindesmith

THE ST. LAWRENCE:

SEAWAY TO THE MIDWEST

by David Cort

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LETTERS

Case History of a Pagan in Action

Dear Sirs: Recently, C. Wright Mills delivered a pagan sermon in person to a Universalist-Unitarian conference held in Urbana, Illinois. I had read Mr. Mills's sermon in *The Nation* of March 8. Now, discussing the problem with a Unitarian friend, I was enjoying myself at the expense of the "spineless, irresponsible, and hypocritical" Christians (to use my exact words). My friend, however, stopped me short by asking, "Why don't *you* do something about it?"

Me? I was a pagan; I could exercise no influence on the clergy. But my friend persisted. "Perhaps if you spoke to some clergymen, you would get a few to take action." I called to mind the courageous undertaking of the four men who had recently sailed for the Pacific H-bomb test area in the *Golden Rule*—and the next day I began calling on ministers. The first few were encouraging. They had all heard of the *Golden Rule*, and told me that when I had formulated more clearly what I would like to do, they would be happy to consider cooperating. A Congregational minister suggested that I write a letter to each minister, setting forth my program (which was still unborn) and asking cooperation. He even provided me with a complete listing of names and addresses for all the local churches.

My next move was to secure help. The local Friends group, though small, seemed a logical place to look. Before meeting with them, I drafted a letter which could be sent to the local clergy. The proposals were intentionally modest in order to secure as wide support as possible:

> . . . Our program is very simple. We are asking every member of the local clergy who is concerned with the question of peace to devote part of their service on Sunday, April 20, to informing their congregations about the voyage of the *Golden Rule*. . . . and about the grave problems which it dramatizes. After the service, we would like to have descriptive literature, such as the enclosed pamphlets, available for the congregations. We would like to post petitions in convenient locations which could be signed by those persons who feel sympathetic to the aims expressed. . . .
>
> This letter will be followed in a few days by a telephone call at which time further arrangements can be made with those members who care to participate in this program.

The Quaker committee expressed willingness to cooperate in making the telephone calls and distributing the pamphlets, my Unitarian friend agreed to take care of mimeographing the letters, my wife agreed to handle the clerical work—in short, my "program" had emerged from the basement to at least ground level. We hastily adopted a name for the sake of formality—Committee For Peace—and sent our letters off.

The telephoning proved to be a tedious affair—ministers are very busy people. But, little by little, our list of participating churches kept growing. At final count, we had achieved a most impressive total—twenty-nine churches in the twin communities of Urbana-Champaign had agreed to participate out of a total of forty-seven churches contacted. Of these, most agreed to mention the *Golden Rule* in their services and half-a-dozen announced that they would devote part or all of their sermons to it. Represented were all shades of religious belief — Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Evangelistic.

Considering the ultra-conservative political temper of these two communities and the comparatively little organizing skill which we brought to bear, the program can only be construed as a real success. If even several dozen communities did as much, perhaps ground would be laid for more constructive and more important projects.

It seems things are up to us pagans.

R. D. LARKIN

Urbana, Ill.

Bowles for President

Dear Sirs: Harry Barnard's article "Who've the Democrats Got?" in your May 24 issue, gave us some very good names for the 1960 Democratic convention. But why didn't he mention Chester Bowles? Mr. Bowles's *Ambassador's Report, Africa Challenges America* and *Ideas, People and Peace* show a deep understanding of the great problems which our future President must face. He has traveled in Africa and lived for many years in India—among the people, not in an ivory tower. As a candidate, he would surely get strong support from minority groups here, particularly Negroes. Under his leadership, this country would regain the prestige it lost under Eisenhower and Truman.

L. SCHWARZ

Millburn, N.J.

Midwest Oasis

Dear Sirs: It is not surprising that, "Sadly, Heggen isn't writing," as Lloyd Zimpel wrote in his "Letter" from Minneapolis-St. Paul in your May 24 issue. Thomas Heggen died several years ago.

Having once been a resident of Minneapolis, I cannot help but be a little annoyed at Zimpel's snobbishness. He should take a look at some of the other cultural deserts in the Midwest. Minneapolis-St. Paul is an oasis compared to most other similar-sized cities in this region.

DICK BRUNER

Chicago, Ill.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Whither Mr. Dulles?

Secretary of State Dulles is scheduled to fly to Paris to confer with Premier de Gaulle—on July 4. The date is one of those accidental whimsicalities which occasionally relieve the grimness of the pages of history. But it will not relieve the grimness of the dilemma facing Mr. Dulles in North Africa.

The agenda of the conference, as given out by State Department aides, vaguely mentions East-West relations and goes into detail only on France's role in a possible ban on nuclear testing. Not having exploded any bombs themselves, and being almost as poor in current nuclear capacity as the Japanese or the Venezuelans, the French, under the leadership of the grandeur-minded de Gaulle, are not likely to take kindly to the idea of calling the game in an inning when the United States and the Soviet Union have thousands of bombs, while France is still trying to accumulate enough fissionable material for one. But in the present context this is actually a secondary and postponable question. Algeria, on the contrary, will not wait, either for Mr. Dulles or for General de Gaulle.

If diplomacy were a simple art and Mr. Dulles could afford to behave forthrightly, what he should do on July 4, 1958, is refer back to July 4, 1776, and announce that in accordance with the immutable principles of the Declaration of Independence the United States wishes Algeria to be free and independent. A ringing declaration along these lines would be applauded by the Algerian Nationalists from their hiding places, by Arab opinion generally, and by the Founding Fathers from their graves. But, aside from the fury of the European-Algerian colonists, cabalists and Fascists, Mr. Dulles would be faced by the displeasure of his host, who is no more ready to deal with a free Algeria than are his opponents in the various juntas and upper-class mobs who quaintly call themselves "Committees of Public Safety." General de Gaulle, despite his need for American dollars, would have no choice but to tear up the blueprints for American missile bases on the sacred French soil and begin negotiations for a shotgun marriage between the somewhat tarnished virgin to whom he now stands in *loco parentis*, and Ivan the Terrible.

Something akin to this would be the choice of General de Gaulle. It follows that the choice of Mr. Dulles is between further incurring the enmity of the Arab world, and pulling the rug from under NATO. Since NATO is Dulles, Dulles NATO, the second course is inconceivable. Yet the *colons* on the one side and the Algerian Nationalists on the other will not let either General de Gaulle or Mr. Dulles temporize indefinitely.

Uneasy lies the head of the Secretary of State, and especially such a Secretary as Mr. Dulles. But, to do him justice, the dilemma is not entirely of his making, although for years he has done everything possible to aggravate it to the point of insolubility. Nor is the struggle in Mr. Dulles' soul alone; his sanctimonious expression of it obscures the fact that in some measure it exists in all of us. The American heritage of anti-colonialism is in irreconcilable conflict with the policy of "defense" by alliance with any gang of despots, exploiters or standpatters who offer us a few divisions or a few sites for missile launchers. Until that conflict is resolved—which can only be by a new, atomic-age approach to the problem of security—all our Independence Days will be clouded.

The Do-Nothing Derby

The relaxed manner in which the Democrats have decided to go along with the still more relaxed attitude of the Administration on anti-recession measures is a striking illustration of the tendency toward bi-

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partisan non-leadership in Washington. The Administration, of course, flaunts its complacency. Note, for example, Mr. Dulles' brush-off of the Khrushchev trade offer: it is not every day that an offer comes along to purchase several billion dollars of American goods annually and to pay for them with deliveries of raw materials needed by American industry. But Mr. Dulles was not interested—not even with the latest figures on unused American plant capacity before him. And the Administration was equally indifferent to the arrival in Winnipeg of a four-man Chinese trade mission to conclude a deal for the purchase of 1,500,000 bushels of Canadian wheat.

But the complacency of the Democrats, if anything, is still more striking. The decision of Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn to go along with the Administration in opposing a tax cut was highly irresponsible. It was not based on a study of the current economic situtation. It did not stem from considered debate, or from a review of the Administration's program. The House Democrats were not permitted to caucus on the issue. Above all, it is hard to find justification for the Democratic leadership's decision either in the news or in expert opinion. In going along—by voice-vote—in the rejection of tax reduction as a remedy, the House Democrats ignored the report of the staff of the Congressional Joint Economic Committee which had just announced that, in its view, recovery would be delayed for a year or more. And even as the House voted —it did not deliberate—it knew that current estimates of plant investment are 17 per cent below the figure for last year. It should be kept in mind that what we are suffering from is a capital-goods recession; the cutbacks are in basic industries that generate "high velocity" dollars—dollars that have a multiplying effect on jobs and incomes. Whatever prompted the Democrats' decision to ride along with Secretary Anderson, it was not based on a reading of economic indicators.

If some clear political advantage flowed to the Democrats, their relaxed attitude on anti-recession measures might be put down as merely another unfortunate example of partisan politics. But if the recession "bottoms out," the Republicans will take credit for the upturn; if the decline continues, the Democrats, who control Congress, must share responsibility. In an effort to find out why the liberal Democrats failed to challenge the Johnson-Rayburn leadership on this issue, we did some sleuthing last week in Senatorial offices. Various explanations were offered, but the recurrent themes were: (1) the Democrats will win in November regardless of whether there is an upturn or not; (2) Senators returned from the Easter recess convinced that the grass-roots was not ablaze with enthusiasm for a tax cut (taxpayers take an individual, not a social view, of tax cuts, and in these terms the proposed cuts didn't seem impressive); (3) voters view big deficits with alarm; (4) many Senators fear the effects of tax cuts on their pet legislative projects, all of which involve burdens on the budget; (5) most governors are questing about for additional state revenues and believe that federal tax cuts might complicate their political problems; (6) finally, we found a marked — and frankly acknowledged — reluctance to "bell the cat"—no one wanted to take on the task of challenging the Johnson-Rayburn leadership.

Neither alone nor together do these factors excuse the failure of leadership on the part of the Democrats; on the contrary, they underscore this failure. On the key issue of anti-recession measures, the Democrats in Congress are running neck-and-neck with the Republican Administration in the great bipartisan, do-nothing, non-leadership derby.

Asylum for Dictators

Members of the ruling junta in Venezuela are insisting that Perez-Jimenez be ousted from his $400,000 hideaway in Miami and returned to Caracas so that they may stick pins in him and parade him through the streets in a cage. A section of the liberal press has joined in this unseemly clamor. But why? This is the safest country in the world for ex-dictators; here they can live out their days in fangless torpor in any number of pleasant Shangri-las. If necessary, let's build dormitories for them. The democratic objective, all would agree, is to remove the dictator from power, not to harass him once he is shorn of his uniforms and epaulets. As good democrats, therefore, let's post the welcome signs for Trupillo, Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek (and his glamorous lady), Antonio de Oliveira Salazar and, if absolutely necessary, Francisco Franco.

Vision in Diplomacy

The most remarkable aberrations of rays of light occur not in optics, but in the relations of states, and in particular the relations of the United States with countries having different systems of government. Thus the United States is unable to see, in the sense of diplomatic recognition, the vast bulk of Red China with its 600 million inhabitants, while an island off the Chinese mainland which was invaded by Chiang Kai-shek after World War II is not only visible, but constitutes, in official American eyes, the real and official China. In Europe, the situation is reversed. The huge Soviet Union is recognized, but the small East German regime is not. Whether or not it actually exists may be argued metaphysically, but American vision changes abruptly form 20/20 to 20/200, or legal blindness, when American eyes turn in its direction.

This was not the case, however, with the Third

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Armored Division's helicopter, which got lost in a thunderstorm on June 7, ran out of fuel, and landed with its crew of nine in East Germany. Any landing place, red, white or pearl gray, looks good to the pilot of an aircraft with empty gasoline tanks. This perception of reality by the American airmen seems, indeed, to have had some curative effect even on Secretary Dulles, since he announced that he would negotiate with the East Germans for their return. When your brethren are kidnaped, he said plaintively, you have to deal with the kidnapers. The clarity of the analogy was somewhat impaired by the fact that the East Germans had not forced our fliers down, or invited them, had in fact played a purely passive role hardly worthy of kidnapers, who are generally activists of a sort. Nevertheless the sudden improvement in the Secretary's eyesight, although coupled with the promise that as soon as he had the fliers back he would revert to the most correct and implacable blindness, does give the impression that on some perhaps not so distant tomorrow he will be able to see all the countries of the world with which he must deal, not only just those he likes.

Patience and Forbearance

Time is rapidly running out on the Civil Rights Commission, which is under a Congressional mandate to wind up its affairs by September 9, 1959. Given the lateness of the hour, why is the commission undertaking still another study of racial discrimination in the forty-eight states? Perhaps it might be helpful to recall the chronology. "The battle to enact civil-rights legislation" was launched in the first session of the 85th Congress on November 22, 1956. Almost a year later, the President put his signature to the bill creating the commission. Three months later, it held its first meeting; four months after that, the House got around to appropriating $750,000 for its work. A staff director was not sworn in until June 9, and the commission's counsel has yet to be approved. In a word, one full year of the commission's two-year tenure has gone by without a single complaint being investigated or the first hearing held—a glorious example of bipartisan sabotage.

In view of this bitter chronology, which might be amplified by reference to the circumstances that the first federal civil-rights act was passed in 1875 (partially annulled in 1883), and that the fifteen members of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights filed an admirable nation-wide report on racial discrimination on October 29, 1947, the new commission might better concentrate on more immediate target dates. For instance, there is the opening, in September, of the public schools in Arlington, Virginia, Dallas, Texas and Little Rock, Arkansas; or, if more time is needed, the commission could concentrate on the first Tuesday in November, when any number of Southern Negroes, as good citizens, will earnestly attempt to cast ballots in the 1958 Congressional election. On May 12, President Eisenhower told a Negro audience in Washington that "there are no revolutionary cures" for racial discrimination and urged them to rely on "patience and forbearance." But how patient must you be?

Fire Before You're Ready, Gridley

It sometimes seems that the way of the Air Force with a technological project passes all understanding, and that neither rank, nor age, nor the plain interest of the country can curb the publicity hunger of some of its officers. The most charitable alternative explanation is inter-service rivalry. What combination of these motivated Lieut. Gen. Samuel E. Anderson in his announcement that the Air Force would launch three lunar probes this year, the first in August, could only be determined by his psychoanalyst.

General Anderson is director of the Air Research and Development Command, so he can hardly plead inexperience. Yet he must know—and he surely has people on his staff who can tell him—that the first attempts to send a projectile to the moon cannot be other than a technological gamble. Prudence in prediction would be dictated by one fact alone: the United States has not yet fired a large rocket into orbit or over any considerable surface-to-surface range on the earth. Second, to reach the moon the missile will require an initial velocity of some 7,000 miles per hour in excess of what either the Soviet Union or the United States is known to have achieved. Third, a missile launched at the requisite speed may nevertheless go astray in space or, if it misfires, plunge to earth. The implication that the missile may carry a nuclear warhead may on this account give rise to some misgivings.

General Anderson was promptly sat on by Roy W. Johnson, director of the Defense Department's space agency, and by James H. Douglas, Secretary of the Air Force. The question remains: what, if anything, can be done to make general officers realize that in the technological contest between the Great Powers one does the thing first, and talks about it afterwards? In this, at least, they could learn something from the Russians.

The Whole Truth

When, in our issue of September 21, 1957, we presented Fred J. Cook's article on the Hiss case—it has since been published as a book—we had occasion to say that some cases simply will not die and that, in our time, it is the case of Alger Hiss that continues to nettle the American conscience. In a brilliant review of the case which appears in the May issue of the *Stanford Law Review* ("A Tale of Two Typewriters"), Dr.

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Herbert L. Packer, Associate Professor of Law, Stanford University, comes to much the same conclusion. For a variety of reasons, which he details, all the evidence bearing on the ultimate issue of Hiss's guilt or innocence was not brought out at the trial. He concludes, therefore, that while Hiss had his day in court and society owes him nothing more, the question remains: "Does Society owe itself anything more? Does it owe itself the whole truth, if the whole truth can be ascertained? . . . I cannot answer these questions to my satisfaction. But one thing is clear to me. . . . If we now close the books on the Hiss case, it must be with the consciousness that we have stopped far short of even as imperfect an approximation of 'truth' as the processes of law permit."

We are delighted to have Dr. Packer's confirmation of our view. More than ever we are convinced that the Hiss case is very much alive.

LEGIONS OF DESPAIR:

THE FRENCH ARMY IN REVOLT.. *by David Thomson*

London

COMPLAINTS about the weakness of parliamentary government in France are as old as the parliamentary system itself. They go back continuously to the 1880s. Yet the system has survived longer than any other form of regime since 1789, and it has survived in spite of repeated attempts of Army leaders like General Boulanger in the 1880s, or Marshal Petain in the 1940s, to replace it by more autocratic systems.

Today the French political system has been challenged not by a popular general victorious in battle—not by a Bonaparte: nor even by a dashing hero of the boulevards like Boulanger. It is challenged by armed forces and service chiefs upon whom lies the long, dark shadow of repeated humiliations and defeats. The French Army now is an exasperated army, weary of war and anxious only to make an end of it, and in a mood to blame the politicians for inflicting on it impossible tasks and unnecessary humiliations.

General de Gaulle's need, last week, to rebuke General Salan's political activity in Algeria shows that the French Army's resentments are aimed not only at the weaknesses of the parliamentary system, but against any policy uncongenial to its own political prejudices. The de Gaulle Government devised its power from the Army's resentment, but is now resisting the Army with authority devised from Parliament.

What has put the Army into this rebellious mood? As de Gaulle remarked not long ago, France has never really stopped fighting since 1939. For nearly nineteen years her armed forces—regular or irregular—have been engaged in almost continuous hostilities: against Germany till 1945, then in Indo-China from 1946 until 1954, then in Algeria since 1954. A generation of young officers has grown up that hardly knows army life in peace time. Both the Indo-Chinese and Algerian wars—not to mention the Suez incident of 1956—have been colonial, revolutionary wars: wars that have been highly political in character, caught up in heated controversies at home and internationally. In both of them the Army lost heavily, with the added humiliation that defeats were inflicted by the largely unprofessional forces of former colonial peoples. What happened after France's defeat in 1940 has therefore, naturally enough, happened again. The soldiers blame the politicians for pitting them against hopeless odds in unwinnable wars, and the politicians blame the soldiers for not carrying out successfully the jobs they are given.

But it is misleading to speak even of "an attitude" of the Army, or of the armed forces as a whole. There are many different shades of attitude involved. There are, for instance, the hard-bitten colonels of long and heroic service in the field, like Colonel Marcel Bigeard, whose recall from the Tunisian border soon after the bombing of Sakiet caused a sensation in Paris; or like General Massu, lately a colonel himself—the "soldier's soldiers" whose leadership in the field have won them the devotion of their men. There is a conflict of views between them and the "politician's soldiers"—men like ex-Generals Mast and Revers—usually high-ranking officers who owe their position and promotion to influential political groups and party-bargains.

THIS friction within the Army itself has the effect of intensifying the dislike and distrust of the junior officers for all politicians. The recent resignation of General Ely, Chief of the General Staff, was in form a protest against the Government's dismissal of two of his subordinates, and so against political interference with military affairs; but he had threatened to resign, not long before, in protest against cuts in the military budget. Apart from the regulars, there are the 300,000 conscripts who pass through the Army every year, and their attitudes are as varied as those in the country. The common complaint, which has united all ranks in the service in resentment against the Government, has been that the men in the field are poorly equipped and paid, and being asked to give their lives cheaply.

DAVID THOMSON, Lecturer in History at Cambridge University, is the author of Europe Since Napoleon *and other books.*

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Recently an excellent little book came out in Paris discussing very sensibly this whole business of the problems of the French Army today: *Le Malaise de l'Armée*. Its author, M. Jean Planchais, is a young Frenchman who, ever since he was himself demobilized in 1945, has specialized in military affairs, and for some time he has been the military correspondent of *Le Monde*. What he makes clear is that there has grown up in France since 1940 a very dangerous alienation of feeling between the professional Army and the nation. It has often been said that the main reason why communism appeals so strongly to French industrial workers is that they feel like an internal alien or *émigré* group—they feel that the state neglects their interests, that they do not really fully belong. The French Army, according to M. Planchais, feels rather like this too, though for different reasons. The Army, however, does not run to communism. It does not even turn—as traditionally it used to—to support of the extreme Right, or usually to notions of overthrowing the Republic. It becomes disgusted with all politics: its spirit of patriotism and of loyalty turns sour in face of the fumbling and the complexities of politics.

THE protracted fumbling of France in Algeria, coming on top of the fiasco of the Suez adventure and the defeat of Dien Bien Phu in Indo-China, has hardened this already growing mood of alienation and brought it to a head in the political demands of General Salan and Massu, and in the re-emergence of General de Gaulle as the "strong man" of France. It is here—in offering an explanation of the long-standing grievances of the Army and the attitudes to parliamentary government that prevail within its ranks—that M. Planchais is especially helpful and his book most topical.

As he points out, military men and fighting organizations need, above all, certainty and simplicity. You cannot expect men to fight and kill and die for subtleties or shades of opinion. They need clear objectives, precise aims, easily understood principles. This is even truer when you ask them to fight enemies like those in Indo-China or Algeria, who are prompted by clear and simple purposes—to achieve national freedom or to spread Communist power. The general staffs, too, need clear directives if they are to be able to work out an appropriate strategy, organize and equip their forces accordingly, and train their men to fight effectively.

None of these conditions has existed since 1945. In planning national defense in Europe, and making their contributions to NATO, the French leaders, both political and military, have been faced with the uncertainties that have beset all the Western Powers—the technical uncertainties introduced by the use of nuclear weapons and guided missiles. These make difficulties enough, and they are nobody's fault. But all the wars that France has actually been fighting since 1945 have been fought outside Europe, in the Far East or North Africa, and these are different kinds of war, not involving the use of nuclear weapons or guided missiles, but irregular and partly guerrilla warfare—demoralizing wars of attrition. To train and organize armed forces to fight both sorts of war has proved a terrible strain on French resources and ingenuity. The result has been confusion. It is natural for the soldiers to blame the politicians, and for the politicians to blame the soldiers. Apart from this, there have been failures and mistakes on both sides.

The governments have too often forgotten that soldiers are human beings, sensitive to treatment that strikes them as unreasonable or arbitrary. The soldiers, entangled in politics by the very nature and circumstances of the actions they have had to fight, have often behaved clumsily or cruelly, and have not always adapted themselves well to unfamiliar jobs. Planchais gives some telling examples of both.

Take the case of Colonel Jacques Faure, a man renowned for his bravery and achievements during the war with ski troops and paratroops, as well as for his outspoken frankness of language. In April, 1954, he was included in the French delegation to the conference on the European Defense Community, although he was known to be violently opposed to the creation of a European Army. When he protested, in no uncertain terms, to the Minister of Defense, M. René Pleven, he was sent to cool his heels in the Tyrol. Scarcely there, he was called back to be commandant of a military academy. He had hardly begun his duties when he was also made personal chief of staff to General Koenig, put in charge of a working party to implement the Paris and London agreements, and charged with looking after problems of youth in the Army. Then, in October, 1956, he was made operational assistant to the general commanding the garrison in the town of Algiers. There, accused of plotting against the state, he was arrested and interned for a couple of months. Then, last September, he was sent to the French forces in Germany. This vacillating, inconsequential and arbitrary treatment of a distinguished soldier is hardly calculated to inspire devotion and loyalty.

THE more governments have been moved to "discipline" their serving generals and colonels in the midst of campaigning, and the more military campaigns seem to be dictated by non-military considerations, the more they have exposed the soldiers to the political pressures and seductions of the "Algiers Lobby"—the spokesmen and agents of the most intransigent French *colons* and the most chauvinistic imperialists at home. It is in Algeria, then, rawest spot in the whole Army today, that the crisis of the regime arose.

In the same way, crack paratroop brigades, young men led by very young officers and trained to ruthless daring for specific military actions, have been given tasks—maybe they had to be given tasks—that were not well suited to them. Dropped from the air on Port Said in a surprise operation for which they were fully trained, they acquitted themselves brilliantly. Given the job of waging a revolutionary war in Indo-China, of long holding-actions rather than brisk surprise attacks, they still fought bravely, though they were not appropriately

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used and suffered appalling losses. Given the job of operating against terrorists or rebels concealed in a civilian population in Algeria, they have, not surprisingly, committed excesses, and instinctively meet terrorism with terrorism. To use shock-troops as gaolers or policemen is asking for trouble: and the better they are trained as shock-troops, the worse are they likely to be as policemen controlling civilians.

What is most desperately lacking in French policy is coherence. The burden of the Army's complaints is the overall vacillations and hesitations—the absence of clear directives firmly upheld. Reverses in the field are blamed on reversals of purpose or policy at home, and it is these that tempt generals to think in political terms. Otherwise the soldiers' general aversion to politics would be likely to insure their loyal support for any purpose that was consistently pursued. It is a sense of being used as pawns in political maneuvers, or as scapegoats in party electioneering, that bedevils soldiers' morale. In this way, the *malaise* of the Army is simply the correlative and counterpart to the *malaise* of the French state. In terms of the immediate problems facing France, it means that to the familiar issues of economic reconstruction and constitutional revision there is now added—most urgently of all—the need to restore a community of purpose and spirit between the French Army and France. This is the task General de Gaulle faces.

LEGAL TORTURE:

OUR IMMORAL DRUG LAWS . . *by Alfred R. Lindesmith*

> If people are to feel a sense of obligation to the law, then the law must correspond with what they consider to be right and just, or, at any rate, must not unduly diverge from it. In other words, it must correspond, as near as may be, with justice.
>
> —*Sir Alfred Denning*

IN CURRENT discussions of the drug problem, the concept of justice rarely enters. Emphasis is placed, instead, upon the "protection of society" by resort to more severe penalties — that sovereign, popular remedy for the control of sin. On the federal level, two major steps in this direction have been taken since the war, in 1951 and in 1956. In the meantime, the states have been passing laws which match or exceed the rigor of the national laws. Only rarely has there been any effective opposition to this trend, although the Governor of New Jersey did recently veto a narcotics bill in that state, characterizing it as an example of a lynch law.

In earlier articles in *The Nation* ("Traffic in Dope," April 21, 1956; "Dope: Congress Encourages the Traffic," March 16, 1957), I commented upon the 1951 and 1956 legislation. In this article, I propose to show that current laws in this field, because they are unjust in principle, are inefficient in practice. They punish the wrong people, encourage the police to lawlessness, and give society the dangerous illusion that the drug scourge is being brought under control.

The inefficiency of our drug-control methods is concealed behind misleading statistics. Estimates of the extent of drug addiction are based almost entirely upon police activity. When arrest rates rise, as they have been doing for the last fifteen years, this is interpreted as evidence of increased police efficiency; declining arrest rates are usually taken as an indication that the problem is diminishing because of effective police work. In this numbers game, the true situation is anybody's guess. The large volume of arrests creates the pleasant illusion in the public mind that the dope peddler is being severely dealt with, and bad statistics save the public the disillusionment of discovering that it is not so much the drug peddler as his victim who is suffering the punishment.

Most people would agree that the addict is a sick person needing treatment rather than punishment. Nevertheless, the great bulk of recent state and local legislation has been designed to make it easier to put more addicts behind bars for longer periods of time, and to give the police a free hand in dealing with them. Meanwhile, genuine treatment facilities continue to be virtually non-existent.

Even the popular current idea that drug users should be given "compulsory treatment" under civil rather than criminal commitment procedures gets twisted in practice. The establishments to which addicts are sent for "involuntary treatment" invariably become prisons, although they may be called "hospitals." The Riverside Hospital in New York and the Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, are examples. In the meantime, thousands of addicts who annually give themselves up for "cure" on a voluntary basis are sent to jail for their "treatment."

The most important and basic inconsistency of present law is represented by the conflict between the federal courts' doctrine that the addict is a diseased person and a proper subject of medical care, and the regulations issued by the Treasury Department which deny doctors the right to treat them. The physician who today acts according to the clear implications of the doctrine of the federal courts takes the risk of

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being prosecuted for violation of the narcotic laws. It is interesting to observe that this situation was brought about historically by administrative regulation, and not by legislative action, court decision or the pressures of public opinion.

SYMBOL OF THE moral bankruptcy of our narcotic laws is the dilemma in which it leaves the addict: if he does not secure drugs, he is punished by his disease; if he does secure them, he is punished by the police. Drug users and those who know them at first hand recognize that withdrawal distress is often a serious, frightening and dangerous experience. It is no more than an act of common decency to assist an addict in avoiding or postponing this ordeal when there is no possibility of medical attention. To deny him this medical care on the grounds that he should not have acquired the habit in the first place is the moral equivalent of denying medical treatment for gonorrhea on the same grounds. And it has much the same effect in that it leads to the clandestine spread of the disease. Present laws have the practical result of defining as a crime a simple act of humanity to the drug user. The physician is denied the right to provide the addict with relief from the terrible symptoms of his habit; the addict must turn to the drug peddler.

Tacit official recognition of the idea that addiction ought to be regarded as a disease requiring medical treatment can be found in the way in which a few privileged addicts are handled. Ex-boxer Barney Ross, for example, testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on the Narcotics Traffic, described his experiences when he gave himself up:

> I went to my doctor in New York, and I said, "I must do something, what is your advice?" He says, "Barney, there is no sense in hiding anything. Take your best dress [clothes] and turn yourself in, and don't go in as somebody ashamed of anything—go ahead, you are sick—and turn yourself in." Which I did. Then the chief of narcotics took me to Judge McGohey, who was the attorney general, I believe, at that time, and I says, "I have nothing to hide, this is my story, and do with me what you can—what you will."

Mr. Ross had previously indicated that he had been obtaining his supply of drugs from doctors for several years—evidently illegally. He stated that the officials whom he contacted made telephone calls to Lexington to arrange for his admission within a few days and that he was flown there in a private plane. During the brief waiting period, he was evidently permitted to go on using drugs illegally. He remarked:

> And I asked Judge McGohey if I could not go up to—I believe it was on a Friday, if I am not mistaken, because I asked him if I couldn't spend a weekend up at Grossinger's in the country where I did my training for my big fights, and that is practically my second home. He granted me that request.

Withdrawal of drugs was not undertaken until after the arrival at Lexington on Monday and Ross told the subcommittee: "I don't know whether you want me to go through with all the tortures of hell that went through me while I was there." He was assured that the subcommittee wanted the whole story, and the witness continued:

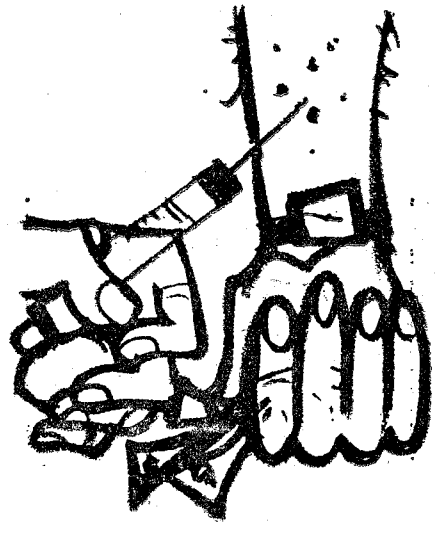
> Well, you start to scream. The nightmares, all kinds of horrors, you are always thinking that there are monkeys jumping up and down your back. You turn around and see there is nobody there, and you find yourself screaming and find yourself on the floor many times from rolling off the bed, and I got to a state one time where I was ready to cut my throat with a razor blade.

Ross went on to tell the Senators that after about ten or eleven days at Lexington, when the worst of withdrawal was passed, he wanted to leave. But he was prevailed upon to stay for the full 120 days which are necessary, according to Lexington officials, to give the addict a chance.

The Barney Ross story is important because it reveals an example of *humane* treatment of the addict in contrast with the treatment of the ordinary user. Mr. Ross was not required to undergo withdrawal until he was under the care of physicians. No one begrudges Mr. Ross's cure, nor the means by which it was effected; yet insofar as the special treatment he was given is extended to other addicts who are "important" people (and this is not uncommon), it means that there is, in effect, one set of narcotic laws for the well-to-do and another for the poor. The former are "diseased," "unfortunate victims"; the latter, "criminals" and "derelicts."

PLACING THE addiction problem in the hands of the police puts them in a dilemma when they deal with the drug user. If drugs are withheld from the arrested addict, the user must go through the worst agony of withdrawal in the police lock-up or jail; if the police supply drugs, they are, of course, guilty of the same violation for which they send doctors and drug peddlers to prison. In practice, the police ordinarily withhold drugs in order to use the addict's withdrawal distress as leverage to compel him to act as a stool pigeon.

The addict who agrees to cooperate is permitted to continue his addiction so long as he acts as an informer, and is later either exempted from punishment or given a lighter penalty. Various devices are employed by the police to allow the addicted stool pigeon to obtain drugs. Sometimes he is given them directly. The usual techniques are indirect, such as allowing the addict-informer to use some of the heroin which he has purchased as evidence, or authorizing a doctor to prescribe for him. Another technique is simply to pay the informer with money and not



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to inquire into what he does with it.

These police maneuvers are usually soft-pedaled in court or covered up by perjury. Some judges know that these things are done, and regard them as "dirty" but necessary if the narcotic laws are to be enforced at all. Indeed, it is true that without the reluctant cooperation of the drug addict, the narcotic laws would collapse altogether, and it is therefore futile to demand that the police cease these practices.

Treatment of this type is sometimes defended on the grounds that the user is an habitual thief or peddler himself, and deserves nothing better. Apart from the fact that the user is also inconsistently declared to be sick, it is clear that any law which specifically authorized the utilization of withdrawal distress as punishment for crime would no doubt be nullified by the courts on the grounds that it prescribed "cruel and unusual punishment."

IRONICALLY, in his role as law-enforcement agent—(he is called a "special employee"), the addict succeeds mainly in sending other addicts, not important peddlers, to jail. The "built-in" third degree is not available to the police when they deal with the big men in the dope traffic, who are not addicts.

The addict's usefulness as an informer is not likely to last long, and when it is over, he is often marked for mayhem or death by the underworld. A common method used by the police in getting rid of informers who are no longer useful is known as "burning." This consists of deliberately revealing the identity of the informer to addicts and peddlers. The practice is sometimes justified on the grounds that it will make it easier for the ex-informer to stay off the habit, since no one will trust him. It is also viewed as necessary because, once an addict has discovered the advantages of maintaining his addiction as an informer, he is very reluctant to give them up. He realizes that for squealers, equally satisfactory ways of raising money and getting drugs are not readily available in the criminal world.

Obviously, the drug addict can escape from all his problems by simply quitting the habit. Why does the addict, once he has been forcibly separated from his drug, insist on returning to it? There is no satisfactory answer to this question. All that can be said is that the experience of many centuries in many countries has shown that none of the laws designed to control this behavior has had much effect. The authority of the drug habit is greater than the authority of the law; and once established, the desire for drugs cannot be eliminated by legislation.

THE CONFUSED and inconsistent thinking underlying present anti-narcotic laws is also clearly evident in current popular attitudes toward the dope peddler. He is charged with deliberately spreading or perpetuating the habit for mercenary gain, with exploiting his "victims" by charging exorbitant prices, and with deriving profit from the criminal activities of his customers. According to the Senate subcommittee, he "commits murder on the installment plan" and no punishment, even the death penalty, is too severe for him.

If one asks who is primarily injured by the peddler's activities, the answer can only be that it is the addict. Are our laws, then, designed to protect the addict from the peddler? Obviously not, since addicts are sent to prison much more often and, in the aggregate, for much longer periods of time than are the non-addicted peddlers who make the large profits. Indeed, one can reasonably argue that at present the laws protect the peddler from the addict, for it is the latter whose frequent arrests deceive the public into believing that drug profiteers are being severely dealt with. At this point, the usefulness of bad statistics again becomes apparent.

If it is agreed that the addict is the victim of a disease and that he should not be forced to undergo withdrawal except under medical auspices, then the peddler is obviously his benefactor. There is no one else to whom he can go for relief. Ordinarily the addict has an ambivalent attitude toward the peddler, regarding him as a benefactor while at the same time often resenting the high prices charged for drugs. His resentment is rarely strong enough to make him want to cooperate with the police, however. The nub of the situation is simply that the retail drug traffic is based on a business relationship in which the customer willingly pays to a willing seller whatever he must to obtain the desired goods. There is in this relationship no party who feels that he has been wronged and can call upon the law to punish the wrong-doer.

While it is generally agreed that the drug habit is an evil, it should be recognized that it is inherently very much the same kind of evil as alcoholism. The direct harm which drugs inflict upon the addict's body is probably less than that produced by alcoholism (a much more widespread habit and a "legal" one). Like the alcoholic, the addict actively seeks his "poison," and one may query whether the primary blame should be placed upon the peddler who sells or upon the addict who insists on buying.

A PRIMARY source of the degradation of the addict in this country is undeniably the high price of illicit drugs. It is this factor which makes it impossible for the ordinary addict to maintain legitimate employment. But before one blames the peddler entirely for the high cost of drugs, it should be noted (1) that the cost is determined by the balance of supply and demand and by the usual competitive processes which operate in any business activity, and (2) that the police have always taken credit for high black-market prices, insisting that they are an index of police efficiency.

The lower-echelon drug peddler who serves the addict cannot arbitrarily fix his own prices. To begin with he must pay high prices, and the inexorable logic of economics requires that he sell at still higher prices. At the same time, there is a ceiling to what he can charge, since the addict can usually turn to a competitor peddler. In general, drug prices must be high enough to cover: (1) the risks of arrest and loss of supplies to the police; (2) the cost of distribution through the many levels of an hierarchy designed to protect the top levels from undue

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police interference; (3) the payment of bribes; (4) bad debts; and (5) the costs and risks involved in smuggling drugs from abroad.

It is obvious that the police have more control over these factors than have the drug peddlers. If the high cost of drugs constitutes economic exploitation of addicts, the blame should be apportioned accordingly. The police regard it as desirable that the prices be high because, they say, high prices discourage addiction. The present dimensions of the drug problem strongly suggest that there is something wrong with this argument.

IT IS customarily argued that peddlers, always seeking to enlarge their business, deliberately spread the drug habit; indeed, this is one of the main reasons advanced for punishing them severely. But the contention does not square with the facts that the punishment prescribed by law is very much the same for *both seller and buyer* and that the deliberate spread of the habit is nowhere specifically defined as a separate offense. The thesis is also inconsistent with the fact that there are virtually no addicts in the higher reaches of the traffic, where the big operators (at whom the laws are said to be aimed) take great pains to avoid any association with addicts or even direct contact with the illicit drugs. Operations at this high level are carried on by non-addicts exclusively in great secrecy. This is often true of the next higher echelons of the traffic as well. Among these big operators, contact with new addicts would be considered a danger to security. And even among the retail peddlers, there are many who absolutely refuse to do business with anyone who is not already a known addict, since they could never otherwise be certain that they were not selling to a narcotics agent.

Of the many drug users who appeared before the Senate subcommittee, not one stated that he originally used drugs at the instigation of a peddler. The usual story was that initiation came through intimate association with users. The customary steps are association, curiosity, experimentation, addiction. Even within the underworld itself there is widespread agreement that persons should not be lured into the habit, and anyone guilty of the practice would be placed on the lowest rungs of the underworld's social ladder.

But if it is the addict, rather than the peddler, who spreads the habit, is not the severe punishment of addicts thereby justified? Certainly it is not just to punish *all* for what *some* may do. What seems to be needed is a specific definition of a criminal offense, i.e., the act of making drugs available to a non-addict for the purpose of inducing him to experiment with them. Such a law would require that the offense be

proved in court on the usual basis. Actually, the law would probably result in few convictions, simply because most persons who become addicts *do so of their own volition and against the advice of their addict friends*. While the addict does spread the habit, as a rule he does so inadvertently or through a relationship so intimate that it is beyond the effective reach of the criminal law. Examples are the love relationship when one of the pair is addicted, and the juvenile gang in which the supply is collectively secured and divided among the members.

ONE of the damaging effects of the drug habit is that produced by prolonged and frequent repetition of "cures." Older addicts have sometimes taken as many as fifty or more of these cures, some voluntarily and others involuntarily. Barney Ross had this to say:

> . . . Addicts that have been repeaters and repeaters and repeaters for 20, 30, 40 and 50 different times, and there are so many of them, that are past the age of 50, should be given some consideration, because past that age, when you are going to, as we say, kick the habit, it keeps tearing at your heartstrings and there could be sudden death.

It is the general practice of the police in most large cities to pick up addicts pretty much on sight. The practice has been encouraged by recent state and local legislation, such as that which defines the addict as a vagrant or a disorderly person, or which declares addiction itself to be a misdemeanor. A large proportion of those picked up are ordinarily held for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, during which period the addict gets very near the point at which his withdrawal distress is most acute. The period is long enough for the police to work on the prisoner for information, but is much too brief to provide hope of cure, as Barney Ross's story indicates. The addicts subjected to this "harassment," as it is officially called, are expected to relapse as soon as they are released, and they do—often to be picked up again in a short time for a repeat performance. There can be little doubt that this practice contributes materially to shortening the addict's life expectancy; such repeated involuntary and "partial" cures are probably more damaging than the habitual use of heroin itself. "Murder on the installment plan" more aptly describes this aspect of addiction than any other.

The practice is vigorously defended as the most effective manner of securing information. Here again, as in the case of the high price of illicit drugs, the police share with drug peddlers the responsibility for the exploitation and degradation of drug users. It is debatable where the lion's share of responsibility should be placed.

THE USE OF the addict as a pawn in the game of smashing dope rings was neatly described to the Senate subcommittee by Assistant State's Attorney Peter Grosse of Chicago:

> . . . We operate on a premise in

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order to catch a dope peddler you must have an addict. Before you catch a big dope peddler, you have got to have a small one. They fit into this picture. They form a part of this process whereby we acquire our information, our intelligence about the traffic. . . .

Referring to the common practice of arbitrarily arresting and detaining addicts, Illinois State's Attorney Gutknecht rounded out the picture:

> I think you will also have to agree that neither Mr. Thieken [U.S. Attorney] in his capacity nor I in my capacity — and we both have civil-rights laws to enforce—can . . . get too excited if a known addict has been unlawfully arrested and then discharged, knowing that because he is a known addict the police have to take little extra measures.

Actually the guilt of the drug peddler consists mainly of greed, the desire to make a "fast buck"—an attitude widely shared in our society. It is found even among those engaged in the administration of "justice" to narcotic offenders. An example was supplied by the disclosure, a few years ago, that the head of the narcotic squad of the municipal police department of our national capital was himself engaged in the illicit traffic.

It is possible to argue that the injustices and moral confusion which prevail in the handling of drug addiction arise primarily from inconsistency: that drug addiction ought either to be treated as a crime and consistently punished as such regardless of whether the addict is a doctor, a Barney Ross or an indigent; or that it be treated consistently as a disease, in which case it should be turned over to the medical profession, as has been done in most European countries. Actually, the first alternative is not practical, for experience has shown—and the police vigorously insist—that present narcotic laws cannot be enforced except by lawless means. The root of the difficulty is thus not to be found in the inconsistency of present legislation, but rather in the basic ideas underlying it.

The fatal weakness of our present system is that it fails to take into account the basic human situation with which it is supposed to deal. By denying the right of the physician to relieve the addict's suffering during drug deprivation, it in effect rejects the idea of the sanctity of human life and the desirability of preventing needless suffering. By so doing, it flies in the face of the ordinary decent reactions of human beings which form the basis of sound and just law. In short, the narcotic laws are basically immoral and essentially unjust because of the manner in which they affect the addict, the way in which they distribute punishment, and because they require that the police engage either in immoral or criminal behavior, or both, in enforcement of the laws.

The needed reform is simple in nature. People ought not to be punished for disease or for actions which arise from it. This principle is accepted throughout the civilized world. Addiction to drugs should be "legalized" in the same sense that venereal disease and cancer are "legal"; and, like them, it should be declared the concern of the healing professions. Specific ideas as to how this might be accomplished are readily available from the study of many countries which have successfully done so. All of these countries combined, be it noted, do not have as many addicts as we do.

THE ST. LAWRENCE:

SEAWAY TO THE MIDWEST . . *by David Cort*

NORTH AMERICA, alone among continents, was designed by the last Ice Age with a great inland deep-water seaway, half-bisecting the continent at right angles to the normal drainage systems. This is of course the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system. All that mankind was asked to do was to dig around several rapids and waterfalls.

And so for the whole 170 years of its existence under the Constitution, the United States has turned its back on the St. Lawrence River. It built the Erie Canal to by-pass it. Its Congress repudiated a 1932 treaty with Canada to build a deep waterway and refused to approve a 1941 Executive agreement to the same end. When Canada decided in 1952 to do it alone, the United States Congress at last embraced the inevitable. This perfect tribute to the impossibility of two national sovereignties' working together on a joint asset will be obsolete on July 1, 1958, when deep water will be let into the Barnhart Island Power Project at Massena, New York. By next spring, ocean-going ships will be able to go as far as Lake Erie. In the following years, the twenty-seven-foot channel will be completed to Lake Superior.

The enormous future can only be defined by looking at the past effects of the peculiar paths taken in man's "conquest" of North America. In the United States, the Erie and Chesapeake & Ohio canals led the way for the railway network; in Canada, the rail systems left Western Ontario undeveloped, tied the crowded Old Ontario peninsula to Detroit and Buffalo, and rushed on West. Closed in behind these two swinging doors to the West, the St. Lawrence, from the Montreal rapids to the lake, has lain in a waking sleep since the War of 1812. These shores, along which a dozen great cities might by now have risen, seem, after the summer visitors have left, as if it were still the Noble Redskin who had just vanished.

Any serious student of the civiliza-

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tion of the upper St. Lawrence must have sensed something peculiar and unique—the feeling of a cultural dead-water, of a potential greatness that destiny had inexplicably withheld. This feeling, unlike that of Bruges and Ghent, Baghdad and Samarkand, Novgorod and Kiev, is based on no memory of greatness, but only on a long-unfulfilled abstraction.

The men who have passed through have indeed left footprints: Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Cadillac, Frontenac, Duluth, Jolliet, Marquette. But of history there is only the rather ignoble story of "The Thousand Islands Pirate" and the Patriots' War of 1837-38, the most utterly and happily forgotten episode in our history.

The power of the river was never an abstraction. When one looks out from Clayton across two miles of massively moving water, the islands conceal six more miles of river. Under the November winds, the river is in a fury; in the winter it may freeze three-feet thick; as the ice flows out, tearing docks with it, the rains come; and then toward the end of May the river turns into Paradise. The air is suddenly sparkling-clear, the prevailing winds coming in north of Lake Ontario. The thunderstorms are only jocular; the river has regained its great composure. However, even then most of the river is not suitable for the average American vacationer, who must have his pleasures packaged, policed and mass-dispensed. It requires some personal trouble to maintain life on an island, nor would I wish to encourage anybody to live on the islands of the St. Lawrence River.

FOR THE historical record, an attempt has been made to describe this long-thwarted area just before its long-deferred destiny descends on it. The study, *The New St. Lawrence Frontier*, by Edward E. Sufrin and Sidney C. Palmer (Syracuse University Press, 98 pages), does not touch on the Canadian towns, which are much older and more mature, but only on the shore country of New York's counties of Jefferson, St. Lawrence and Franklin.

The most suggestive point made in this scholarly work is the authors' sudden discovery that for some pages they have not mentioned the St. Lawrence River: ". . . a most significant fact: the St. Lawrence River is relatively unimportant to the area. . . . Thus it becomes clear that such a development as the St. Lawrence Seaway may radically change the economic and social nature of the whole area." (How careful can you get?)

As of 1950, however, the authors give scholastic definition to a world not unlike that of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. The communities they describe are relatively unrelated and self-sufficient. The persons in agriculture (18.4 per cent) are compared to New York State's (6.3 per cent, with New York City excluded from the calculation), and those of the whole United States (12.2 per cent). The manufacturing labor force, which has declined since 1930 (!), is 50 per cent concentrated in three firms—Alcoa at Massena, New York Airbrake at Watertown, and St. Regis Paper at Carthage. The others are all small and the skills involved are not highly specialized.

AT THE SAME time, the old craft skills have died. The beautiful St. Lawrence sailing skiffs have not been made for some fifty years. The old boatmen, who could do everything to a boat including upholster it, have died off. There are no sailors, except for summer people. Good boat mechanics are extremely rare. In 1946, there was only one taxidermist on the coast between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, and he would not even pickle a small fish.

The authors can identify in this whole 130-mile zone only twelve communities that could meet the definition of "primary communities" (i.e., having a general range of service stores): Watertown, Ogdensburg, Massena, Malone, Potsdam, Gouverneur, Carthage, Canton, Clayton, Adams, Alexandria Bay and Chateaugay; of these, the last four had under 2,000 population. Secondary communities: twenty-eight; tertiary communities (virtually nothing except a grocer): ninety-seven.

Out of such apparent nonsense we

see the recognizable, breathing, living viscera of an area immobilized by the failure of its destiny. The symptoms are various. Nearly every family needs a car, but the roads are poor. The railroad service is worse. Passenger service to Clayton was discontinued by the New York Central a good many years ago. This was bad enough, but now the buses which are supposed to meet the trains at Watertown leave just too soon, so that people have to hire a taxi. Clayton refused to maintain a marine fire department and let all the old wooden hotels on the islands burn to the ground, until that source of prosperity was extinct. The counties always over-assess and over-tax the property of the summer people who, in consequence, dwindle away. The local politics never admits to its councils, as in most other resorts, an occasional summer immigrant. For indeed there is a real gulf between the summer people and the river people, though it is not at all snobbish.

IT IS OBVIOUS and unbelievable: the river people do not like the river. Few adults swim; few are good with boats; few even know the main shoals and rocks. The stories told gloatingly are of whom the river has last killed, who drowned, who vanished through the ice, who smashed up on a shoal, whose boat exploded. These stories are told, not as correctives but as inevitabilities, and are in that sense shocking to sum-

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mer people who spend a good deal of their time on the river, with no intention of dying of it. This dislike of the river can perhaps be explained. To a society that had finally realized it was not going anywhere, it may have been annoying to stare at a river that was indubitably, remorselessly, majestically, indifferently going somewhere.

Of course, this attitude has to change now, but it has been changing for thirty years. The rather sulky and self-righteous obstructionism of the past generation has gone into the shadows. The important people are an unusually high type of American, who would be important anywhere—in Clayton, for example, Ellis, Mrs. Cerow, Hungerford, Farrell; in Grindstone, Emmett Dodge and Bob Garnsey; and so on. Still, the old anti-social, piratical spirit survives, as in the chief machine shop in Clayton, which consistently enrages its customers. Though the booty for a local robber baron is always small, there is a certain small percentage of river people who regard anybody as a Spanish galleon. These few who could not resign themselves to a frustrated environment either emigrated or developed this dream of becoming a great pirate. It is a favorite local dream, even among modest, hard-headed, courteous realists.

Now for the river people, the long frustration is over. Their new problem is to turn toward the river.

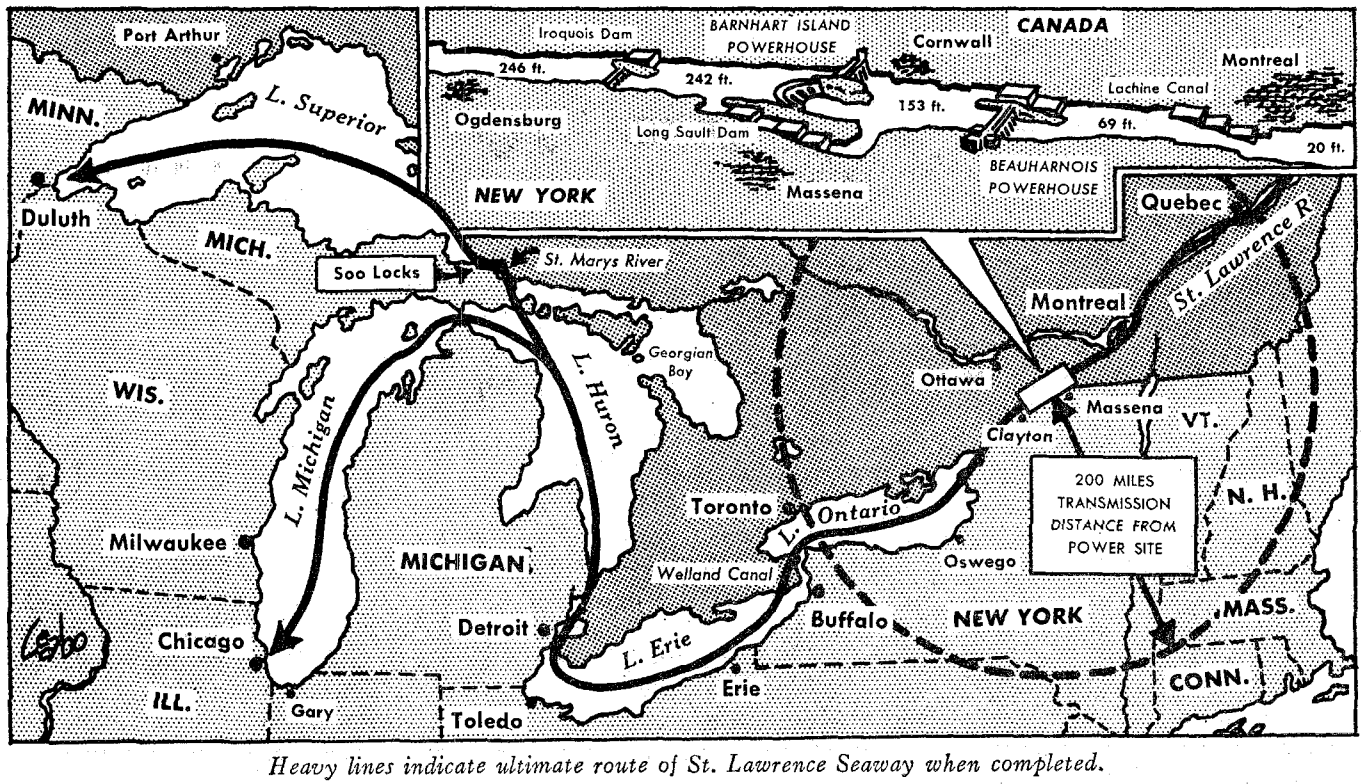
The opportunity for this area is completed by the Barnhart Island Power Project which will generate at least 1,880,000 kilowatts, making it the second biggest hydroelectric plant in the world, after Grand Coulee Dam. Since electricity can economically be transported about 200 miles, the project will energize an area that could cover the Adirondacks, Vermont and New Hampshire, all upper New York, and all southern Quebec.

BY THE spring of 1959, ocean-going ships drawing up to twenty-seven feet will be able to pass through the river and into Lakes Ontario and Erie. But there, unless somebody moves awfully fast, they will find only ports capable of handling ships of fourteen-foot draught. In succeeding years, Army engineers will deepen the Detroit, St. Clair and St. Mary's Rivers and the Straits of Mackinac, at a cost of $150,000,000, to extend the deep channel into Lake Superior.

The cities of the lakes will become, serially, true oceanic ports, with immense social, economic and political consequences. But as of this moment, the cities are far from ready. The shores of the Great Lakes do not provide many natural harbors; and these are not sited at the large cities. There will certainly be a great battle between Chambers of Commerce and geography.

The battle is already on. Chicago is building a large deep-water port at Lake Calumet and widening the Cal-Sag Channel which connects it with the Mississippi. Chicago is seriously planning to become "the world's largest port." Milwaukee, with the slogan "The World Is Coming to Milwaukee," is spending $5,500,000 on new cargo terminals. It already handles the exports of fifteen states through fourteen foreign lines using the old shallow-draught ships. Duluth, already a great grain and ore port, is spending $10,000,000, and has the support of the governors of Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, North and South Dakota and Iowa to attract seaway traffic. Detroit proposed a $9,500,000 bond issue to improve the port, but the voters turned it down. It will try again.

All these cities beyond Lake Erie have at least two more years to get ready; the same cannot be said for



Heavy lines indicate ultimate route of St. Lawrence Seaway when completed.

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the cities of Lakes Erie and Ontario. The latter will be receiving the big ships—750 feet long, eighty-foot beam, twenty-seven-foot draught — this year; the former by next spring. Cleveland and Toledo in particular hope to use the year's advantage over the Lake Michigan cities to get the flow of Midwest exports and imports coming their way. But their ports aren't yet adequate.

A small city nearby, Ashtabula, has named itself "The Seaway City of Progress" and is spending $8,000,000 on its harbor. It expects to handle Labrador iron ore, locally-produced chemicals, automobiles, machine tools and raw rubber, copra and manganese ore.

A number of natural harbors, though small and shallow, occur where Lake Ontario empties into the river—Sackett's Harbor, Kingston, Gananoque, Chaumont and Clayton. They should attract some industry. Their future, however, is overshadowed by two great existing powers. To the southeast is great and growing Toronto, with a fair harbor. To the south is Syracuse, a bursting industrial center seated where the Barge Canal branches west to Buffalo and north to Oswego. If this latter thirty-mile stretch were widened and deepened, Syracuse would be a seaway port, and another North-South connection would have been made between the two East-West axes of the Canadian and American industrial worlds.

THE concept of suction and vacuums forces itself into this whole subject. For over a century, two great westward suctions pulled trade along two lines, leaving the St. Lawrence vacuum. Now new cross-suctions may become dominant, set up by cities like Syracuse, Toronto, Cleveland, etc., that have existing industries and populous hinterlands.

But not necessarily so. Canadian industry, in particular, may well elect to move over to the American side of the river to save tariff tolls (and thus build up the small St. Lawrence villages). This is more probable than American development, for the good reason that on the American side the best transport system does not lie behind the river towns; it lies now right in front of them.

The future of all these many cities now rests on the solid, age-old fact of the economy of water transport. The savings involved in shipping by sea from Duluth or Cleveland to Europe, as against adding a train or truck haul to the seaboard, are so huge as to be unbelievable. The rates from Cleveland to London will probably be the same as from New York to London. Estimates of the savings in shipping costs run from 25 to 50 per cent but, unless seaway tolls are exorbitant, actual savings in some instances will be even higher.

AS against this dazzling advantage of the seaway, the skeptics are still making much of certain flaws in the whole picture:

First, although 96 per cent of all the world's ships draw less than 26.5 feet, 70 per cent of the American mercantile fleet draws between 26.5 and 28.5 feet, and might thus be excluded from the seaway. However, they might carry high-value, low-density cargo such as automobiles. Or they might go light on fuel and stores while in the seaway. In fact, most ships anywhere are loaded to a depth of twenty-five feet or less.

Second, the upper St. Lawrence River generally freezes solid for four months, from December to April. This would mean that any ship not out of the lakes by mid-December would lie idle until mid-April. And this fact in turn would put the shipping lines in the power of any union, such as pilots, that threatened to go on strike and tie up shipping around November of any year.

Any legislation permitting such a situation (a bill requiring ships to use local pilots has already been reported by the House Merchant Marine Committee) would seem to be foolish. As for the river's part, some recent winters have been so mild that the river might easily have been kept open all winter. Finally, any ship caught in the lakes by a freeze could be diverted to the considerable Erie-Ontario intra-lake traffic.

Third, it is suggested that the Midwest, while delighted to export, will be much less interested in increasing imports. Yet the ships will not be allowed to make the four-to-five-day run in empty. The Midwest will have to import to bring in the ships to carry out its own exports.

It is inconceivable that the Midwest will find this process too painful. Indeed, the whole area will find itself growing much more world-minded and the effects should be interesting—culturally, economically and even politically. Chicago, as a world port, may reclaim the cultural pride and ambition of 1910 which, so far as one can see from here, came to nothing. Nor was this good for America. A Chicago revival would have the virtue of keeping alive the memory of Sherwood Anderson, and many other virtues. Indeed, the impact of foreign trade, foreign ships and foreign seamen on the homeland of McCarthy, Taft and isolationism is an event very easy to think on. There will be shooting pains in various members, but eventually the whole national health will certainly benefit.

THE current news, of course, has not yet reached the lakes; it is still in the river, the bottleneck that must first be opened. The luck of the river people was to get as overlord of the Authority on the American side that veteran master of concrete and invective, New York's Robert Moses. *The New St. Lawrence Frontier* reports the inevitable result. A Massena supervisor, watching the local and probably necessary chaos, called Moses' operations "asinine . . . destructive . . . dangerous." In good voice, Moses replied: "Not the slightest interest . . . File your tongue. . . . Your letter is just cheap local politics." Even the millennium may arrive in a snarl of bicker.

Now on July 1, which is Dominion Day in Canada, at 8 a.m., thirty tons of dynamite will blow the last earth keeping the water out of the thirty-mile lake basin behind the Barnhart Island Dam. Great dikes will hold in the water; and forty feet beneath the lake level lie the town of Massena and three Alcoa plants, on the other side of Moses' dike.

The Canadian authorities have renamed the day "Inundation Day." Don't they trust Moses?

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Excitement from England

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLIC BABY. By Philip O'Connor. British Book Centre. 232 pp. $4.

DOCTOR NO. By Ian Fleming. Macmillan. 256 pp. $3.50.

Robert Hatch

THE English are a bookish people and it is not their way to panic over the printed word. It is worth remarking, therefore, that in the past few years a tone of fever has come into their literary comment. Colin Wilson, a presumptuous young man of unconvincing erudition, was elevated to an *enfant terrible* by the rip tides of opinion that met his first book, *The Outsider*. And London has been agitated for a good many seasons by the energies of an ill-defined group called the Angry Young Men which, on examination here, is found to consist of some seriously-intentioned writers of varying abilities, none of whom shows immediate signs of setting the world on fire.

Generally, the English today are uneasy, and the sharpness of their nerves shows itself in literary matters as elsewhere. It may well be a phase; England has lost its old place in the world and has not found a new one. When it is found, it is not likely to be Portugal — the English do not look really like a people at the end of their rope. But the fact that they are still responding with an exaggeration arising from the sense of crisis is suggested by the way they have reacted to the two books to be considered here.

Philip O'Connor, who writes the autobiography of his youth, has been placed in "the first rank of contemporary writers" by John Raymond; Cyril Connolly is "astonished" by "his demon of self-revelation"; Philip Toynbee finds that he "transcends the tired prose-styles of our time"; and Stephen Spender, who contributes an introduction to *Memoirs of a Public Baby*, calls him both demon and angel and hails his book as one that "deepens our reality," a phrase which, for all its simplicity, is the ultimate praise for any work of art.

It is hardly surprising that the book has seized the attention of Mr. O'Connor's countrymen. I think it will have a more clinical success here. *Memoirs of a Public Baby* is an extended memorandum to Mr. O'Connor's analyst. It is the most ego-centered book I have ever read—not in the sense that Mr. O'Connor is so simple as to be conceited, but that he is literally engulfed in himself. He is also powerfully articulate, entirely unabashed, as frank as a neurotic can possibly be and a man whose reaction to everything that touches him is intense and immediate. He has read widely, but is insufficiently trained (he offers excellent reasons for having resisted every scrap of education that was offered him), with the predictable result that his prose is highly mannered but not very original.

The book as a whole is so predictable as to be, not dull, but wearing. It would be insensitive to make little of Mr. O'Connor's pilgrimage through chaos to a position in the human community, but it is tiring that the equations he discovers with such striking independence should be exactly the ones we always supposed were valid. His upbringing was what is customarily called shocking. He had no father and his mother left him about as ill-organized people leave their umbrellas. His early childhood was spent in the family of a French shopkeeper (the board was never paid); his mother then picked him up and carried him through several French rented rooms, left him again with a cafe proprietor, recovered him and brought him to England where, with an unemployed actor uncle, they lived in a cellar and dreamed of business success. O'Connor was then given away to a semi-recluse of a civil servant with whom he lived until he took off on his own.

THIS early life made him an observer, precociously self-aware and a critic of society when he should have been at his marbles and tops. By the time he became adolescent he was a perfectionist, a rebel so entire that he never joined battle, and a parasite — specifically on women who would mother him. O'Connor lived straight through the 1940s in London and managed to ignore World War II; it is a will power that would move mountains.

He moved none, but at the same time he survived a curriculum of self-destruction that is usually not reversible. Utter bohemia is an environment that exists only in hysterical imaginations; the fact is utter squalor of the soul and few survive it. O'Connor did and he is today a fortunately wise and still young man.

The catharsis of his book is self-evident. How much therapy it offers others is another matter. It is not well-written, for all the enthusiasm. It is "verbalized," a word O'Connor likes, with unremitting self-consciousness. He controls his prose to the point of masking communication. Thus the people who cross his life are described in the most minute and often picturesque physical detail, but they never move about so that we can see them. You cannot say what sort of person his mother was (like Mrs. Trollope, perhaps?), or his guardian (like Charles Lamb?). One supplies clichés because there is no life to forestall them. As for O'Connor's discovery that perfection is a virtue for saints alone, and a killing vice for mortals—this revelation, however painfully he comes to it, does not deepen "our own reality."

Why do the English cluster around O'Connor? I think it is because he is a brilliant symbol of the break-up of class. He is class-conscious to a degree that would be impossible in a French or American writer; we know in the third line of the book that his mother was a Fallen Gentlewoman, and he never introduces a figure without the tag of social origin and present status. And yet, running outside society, O'Connor was also cutting through and across class. Having sponged on the outcasts from every class, having gone mad from deracination and been cured again, having repudiated every creed from communism to cricket, he is as nearly classless as an Englishman can be. This fascinates his countrymen; it also makes him a rather more familiar type to Americans. It is not hard to figure out who might have invented O'Connor if he did not exist—Nelson Algren could have done it any time these last ten years.

THE novels of Ian Fleming provide a still more extreme example of the British jitters. O'Connor is at least in a literary tradition that goes back as far as DeQuincey; Fleming's tradition is sub-literary. Since 1954 he has written novels at the rate of one-and-a-half a year; you can read them without undue strain at the rate of one-and-a-half a night. His field is the secret service thriller—a well-recognized, well-paid, almost routine English trade. Why then

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should his books have sold more than a million copies, why should the responsible English critics be in a state of outrage; why, for example, should Paul Johnson devote a leading article in *The New Statesman* to an attack of boisterous passion against this entertainer?

Again, Americans are not going to be so taken by surprise. We have had Mickey Spillane and Raymond Chandler and one gets hardened to such things. Though it must be admitted that Mr. Fleming is a concentrated example of published nastiness. His stock in trade contains, first, the snobbish accoutrements that one expects in diplomatic thrillers. His hero, James Bond, eats, smokes, drinks, drives and sleeps with only the fanciest products of our civilization. He is, in a word, a god-awful false gentleman, but so are most British sleuths.

But they are not usually pathological killers and sexual oddities. Bond enjoys hurting people and he enjoys being hurt. He also fattens on horror, crawling horror, for the most part, with many legs. In *Doctor No*, the newest book, Fleming indulges him in this taste by letting a centipede explore his body for three pages.

As for sex proper, the author has said that perhaps Bond's "blatant heterosexuality is a subconscious protest against the current fashion for sexual confusion." Bond is blatant, all right, but if he is unconfused he is also arrested. He likes girls who have been raped into frigidity, but who converse about sex with the air of offhand availability that keeps imaginative schoolboys awake nights. "It was a naked girl, with her back to him. She was not quite naked. She wore a broad leather belt round her waist with a hunting knife in a leather sheath at her right hip. . . . The behind was almost as firm and round as a boy's." Who's ready now for a cold shower? The girl, by the way, was found to have a broken nose when she turned around.

This is funny enough, but I'm more interested in the situations Mr. Fleming himself thinks erotic. He has a way of combining sex and fear, sex and pain that bodes ill for the suggestible. His hero and heroine, naked and bound face to face, are dragged bleeding across a coral reef (*Live and Let Die*), or they cling together by their thighs in a ventilator shaft while the villain searches them out with a jet of live steam (*Moonraker*).

Fleming knows his trade in the more usual ways. He has a flair for outlandish information — the economics of guano, high strategy of cards and chess, the culture of tropical fish, voodoo, old coins, and of course small arms ballistics —all tossed off with an easy authority calculated to bedazzle the non-expert. He also has keen eyes and ears; when he describes the landing of a plane, the layout of a Harlem nightclub, the bed of a tropical sea or the routine of a Saratoga mud bath, it is done with the precise and telling words that distinguish a good reporter. Fleming's detail is what really carries his stories—the plots are not very ingenious and the details are ludicrous. Stripped of their surface plausibility, they would scarcely hold a comic book reader.

THE villainous Doctor No is a six-foot-six Chinese with artificial hands, contact lenses, a smattering of Nietsche and an assumption that he can rule the world. He dies under a pile of guano dropped on him by Bond who should have been killed by the giant squid and who has been drained of more blood than the rest of us hold. However, in twenty-four hours Bond is ready for the consummation of his passion for Honeychile Wilder, who lives in the cellar of a burned Jamaican mansion and who likes spiders and land crabs better than people (except Bond).

No one should take such stuff seriously—it is for trains and sleepless nights. Why then the turmoil in the British journals? The answer, I think, is that Fleming seduces the English and, as they are decent people, they resent it. He seduces them with the rare liquors, bath salts, racing cars and fine leather that are not part of the Welfare State. More seriously, he dangles before them the dream of Empire. Bond is perhaps the last world policeman the English will ever know. He hunts the enemy in New York, Haiti, Turkey, South Africa, France, Belgrade. Wherever peace and the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is threatened, the arm of British justice reaches out and Bond is its fist. One book (*Moonraker*) is concerned with a new super missile which, overnight, will restore to England her former omnipotence. It turns out that the builder is a mad Nazi who intends to destroy London, and this is perhaps the cruelest twist to British illusions that Fleming has perpetrated. But the bait is in every book—Bond is Drake and Rhodes and Wellington, combined in a twentieth - century, post - concentration camp type of vigilante and he's a powerful chimera.

Fur us this is less seductive, but Fleming has a false lure for Americans as well (he is a very calculating man). The enemy in his books is Russia, more specifically a super-secret terror organization called "SMERSCH." All the mad villains, all the heartless plots, all the bestial tortures are inspired by the world-hungry Russians. And they are everywhere. This vision of the world is an FBI nightmare. As in everything he does, Fleming seems to document his case against the Kremlin and its subhuman supermen. It would be a pity if we fell again under the paralyzing dream of the omnipresent beast. Bond doesn't even work for us, and there is obviously no one else.

Lords and Leaders

ROBERT GREVILLE, LORD BROOK. By Robert E. L. Strider, II. Harvard University Press. 252 pp. $5.

NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES. The Life of Cardinal Wolsey. By Charles W. Ferguson. Little, Brown and Co. 543 pp. $6.

THE GREATNESS OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By Maurice Ashley. The Macmillan Co. 382 pp. $5.

J. H. Hexter

ROBERT STRIDER's study of Robert Greville, Lord Brook, and Charles Ferguson's life of Thomas Cardinal Wolsey demonstrate different ways not to write biography.

Lord Brook was an earnest Puritan peer. Born in 1608, he sat in three Parliaments, including the Long Parliament of 1640. In the eleven years of Charles I's personal rule, along with many other eminent English Puritans, Brook took an active interest in colonizing projects in America. When the Civil War broke out, he commanded Parliamentary forces in Warwickshire. Although in his subtitle Mr. Strider somewhat mystifyingly applies the epithet "martyr" to his subject, Brook actually died in 1643, at the age of thirty-five, from a musket

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shot that hit him during a siege. He was the author of two treatises of minor importance.

No doubt Lord Brook was in many ways a worthy man. One thing he was not worthy of, however, was a study of his life and works 252 pages long. About what Brook did not enough is known, about what he wrote too much is known, to excuse such elaborate treatment. Since Mr. Strider had nothing to say about his subject that would not have fitted handily into fifty pages, he was compelled to fill about four-fifths of his book with padding. The padding consists of a mass of relevant, quasi-relevant and irrelevant information about Puritan colonization, English politics, Plato, Florentine Platonism, Cambridge Platonism, Presbyterian theory on church polity, English controversy over church government, John Milton, and the idea of religious toleration. One can but admire the resolution with which Mr. Strider resisted every temptation to compression in his single-minded drive toward his goal—publication, somehow, anyhow, between hard covers.

THE biographer of Cardinal Wolsey has no need to worry about lack of information on *his* subject. About the doings of Henry VIII's magnificent first minister the data are abundant and handily packaged in the numerous volumes of the *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII*. *Naked to Mine Enemies*, therefore, started with the advantage of a viable subject. It also had a considerable extrinsic advantage—one of the most elaborate and expensive promotion campaigns that such a work has enjoyed in a long time. Even *The New York Times* Sunday Book Review lent a hand by giving *Naked to Mine Enemies* for review to an eminent English historian, who praised it unstintedly. Out of charity and out of respect for the reviewer's judgment, I assume he did not stoop to reading *Naked to Mine Enemies*. He did not miss much. Mr. Ferguson's confection is rather like a bad Cecil B. De Mille super-colossal: it deploys a vast quantity of expensive and tasteless scenery; a horde of extras and dimly characterized minor actors mill about aimlessly; the hero is as vibrantly alive as a cigar-store Indian; and the story-line is firmly held within the bounds of the trivial and the banal. Mr. Ferguson wrote his book about Wolsey without acquiring much more insight into the period in which the Cardinal lived than is available in a second-rate college history text. He appears to have composed his picture of his subject by borrowing parts of it from several previous biographies of Wolsey and then splashing on to the incongruous *tout ensemble* gobbets of color acquired by random dippings into the *Letters and Papers*. His style is—or rather his styles are — concordant with his substance. In addition to his normal somewhat pedestrian mode he has three special styles with which he sporadically seeks to liven up the proceedings. There is the hey-nonny-nonny merrie-olde-England manner, spattered with whiloms and for-the-nonces. There is the gentlemen's-lavatory-*cum*-Freud manner, when Sex gets into, or is dragged into, the story. And there is the giant-Wurlitzer-organ purple passage, when the author thinks, always mistakenly, that he has matters of large import to communicate.

ONE turns with both pleasure and relief from Ferguson's book to Ashley's biography of Cromwell. That volume does not give the reader the feeling that he is dealing with a piece worked up for the occasion. Mr. Ashley has made the Interregnum his business — part avocation, part vocation — for more than two decades. In the early years of his interest, Ashley read Cromwell with eyes partly turned toward Mussolini and Hitler. In *The Greatness of Oliver Cromwell* he reconsiders his hero with the advantage of increased knowledge and ripened political understanding. Time has wrought large changes in Ashley's image of Cromwell. He no longer sees him as the analogue of twentieth-century dictators. The new analogue is an eighteenth-century country gentleman whose way to political leadership lay, like Cromwell's, through command of a revolutionary army—George Washington.

The new comparison is surely happier than the old. For at the roots of their character Cromwell and Washington shared traits rare in chiefs of states. Neither owed his political position to any persistent itch for, or pursuit of, worldly greatness. In neither was there a trace of the megalomaniac. They were never cheap or mean or dishonest for the sake of self-aggrandizement. They steered their respective courses not by means of the quick apprehension of a sharp intelligence, but by the solid, if sometimes insensitive, movements of moral convictions and sense of duty. They were above all, *responsible* men, both as generals of armies and as chiefs of states.

Yet there were differences, and important ones, too. *Sang-froid* was natural for Washington. Whenever he needed it, he had no trouble in summoning it up. But Cromwell was a hot-blooded man, and the incoherence of his published speeches is probably less a consequence of garbling than of the intense emotion with which he delivered them. Self-control was not second nature to Cromwell, but a victory in a struggle with his first nature—a victory not always won. For Cromwell was a Puritan, not of the outward kind, conventionally and formally, but by inner conversion and deepest conviction. He had come to God the hard way. There was about him a stiff-neckedness that belongs to unbending men, who enter politics late in life. Ashley's unwillingness to acknowledge this defect in his hero's equipment and to deal with its sometimes unhappy consequences constitute the only major flaws in his study. After all, it is undeniable that after almost a decade in which the reins of power were effectively in Cromwell's grip, England was no nearer to a political settlement than it had been when Charles I was sent to the block. One feels that Washington or, say, William the Silent, with a lighter load of religious zeal to bear, might have managed somewhat better. And one also feels that if they could have reconquered Ireland at all, they would have done so with less righteous exultation over the carnage than Cromwell indulged in and at a lower cost both in blood and in hatred.

Time Running Out

THE POLITICS OF INEQUALITY. South Africa Since 1948. By Gwendolen M. Carter. Frederick A. Praeger. 535 pp. $7.50.

Errol E. Harris

IT WOULD be difficult to find a more thorough, detailed and objective study of the South African political scene than is given by Gwendolen M. Carter in *The Politics of Inequality*, the title of which leaves no doubt about the question at issue. Here we have a carefully-recorded and fully-documented account of the political history of the

ERROL E. HARRIS, now professor of Philosophy at Connecticut College, taught previously at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. He is the author of The Survival of Political Man *and* "White" Civilization. *He was at one time on the Executive Board of the South African Institute of Race Relations.*

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country; it will serve as a sourcebook of factual information to students of history and politics for many years to come. So massive and scholarly a work cannot be reviewed in detail in a short space, but we can consider some salient features of the South African situation in the light of the information that Dr. Carter gives us.

The present Nationalist Government of South Africa came into power after narrowly defeating General Smuts's United Party in the elections of 1948. "Ever since that moment," writes Dr. Carter, "the major attention of the Government has focused upon . . . how to maintain European supremacy in every sphere of life and at the same time advance the industrial revolution in South Africa which helps to make that country independent of outside influences." Dr. Carter, in nine factual chapters, describes how this policy has been and is being imposed on the country by measures that have as their side-effect (also fully intended) the entrenchment in power of the present governing party. But this policy is not being "imposed" (in the sense of enforced against their will) upon *white* South Africans who, all but a mere handful, endorse and support it.

ODDLY enough, the opposing view has little following either among Whites or among Blacks. "Few South Africans would subscribe to the view of equality common in the United States," Dr. Carter tells us, and indeed the South African Liberal Party, which does so subscribe and which came into existence only after the election of 1953, had proved the futility of attempting to liberalize the official opposition from within, represents what is in fact a foreign ideal. It remains, therefore, rather less than a political force, having the numerical support of hardly .3 per cent of the White electorate. Equality is certainly in some sense the aim of those Africans who are politically conscious, but even among them exclusive Black nationalism is gaining ground at the expense of the idea of a common society, the Liberal goal.

If time were on its side, the Liberal Party might serve as a leavening agency gradually spreading its influence and ideas among Black and White. But time is decidedly not on its side, for Black resentment against the Whites is mounting far more rapidly than any spread of Liberalism. Dr. Carter does not say this herself, but it is easily deducible from what she does tell us. Her own hopes are more nearly expressed in her conclusion that "there is a movement of thought going on below the surface of European South Africa which, either for theoretical or practical reasons, may lead to concessions to the non-Europeans." What are the practical reasons? In the main they are economic. As quoted above, Dr. Carter recognizes and emphasizes the fact that industrialization is what renders South African polity independent and prosperous, and this involves the steady and progressive absorption of Africans and other colored people into the country's economy, increasing the demand for their labor (in any case the basis of the whole economic machine) and for the improvement of their skills and efficiency. The logical outcome should be a rise in their educational, social and political status. But the government has explicitly refused to recognize either the fact or the implications of this economic integration of the races. All recent legislation has been directed toward limiting, or even halting, the normal process of development, and so far as this is not possible, toward reserving its benefits wholly for the Whites, while the social and political rights of the Blacks are severely restricted by an unrelenting policy of ruthless segregation.

Dr. Carter's account of the facts is not likely to incline the thoughtful to share her optimism.

How long, the reader will ask, can such a situation last? "Racial discrimination," Dr. Carter tells us, "has become a symbol of oppression throughout the world. If the South African Government can handle successfully its vast racial problem along its own lines, it can perhaps afford to flout the opinions of so high a proportion of the world's people. But should it fail at home, to whom will it turn for help when it is in need?" The ensuing silence would seem to imply the partial answer: "Not to America," and indeed how could this or any other Western power afford to forsake its own democratic principles and forfeit the friendship of the colored peoples of the world by assisting a regime of oppression? But a more pressing question is, "To whom may the colored people of South Africa turn for help in their struggle for the recognition of their human rights?" The answer here is easy. Russia, China and the Communists are all too ready to take advantage of any opportunity that may arise of interfering on behalf of "oppressed races." Can America do anything timely to prevent that opportunity ever arising in the case of South Africa? Dr. Carter does not raise this question, but it must be forced upon anybody reading her careful and balanced description of South African affairs. The necessity to formulate a clear policy on the South African issue is more urgent than we think. A repetition there of the events of Algeria would, from the viewpoint of the West, put the whole of Africa into jeopardy.

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Letter from Ankara

Ray B. West, Jr.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago Ankara was an impoverished village hovering on a hillside below an ancient citadel. Today it is the national capital, a modern city containing more than half a million inhabitants, constructed on the remains of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Seljuk and Ottoman cultures. Its known history goes back to at least 1,000 B.C.; according to legend it was founded by the Phrygian King Midas.

The new Ankara came into existence when it was proclaimed the capital of Turkey by Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk) on October 13, 1923. Its inhabitants are Moslems and their traditions reflect an old Islamic culture, but they represent a new graft on an old stock. When they abolished the wearing of fez and turban, they also separated church and state, so that they are now essentially Moslem protestants, as different from their Middle Eastern neighbors as an American Methodist from an Italian Catholic. The state has replaced the church as the primary influence on their lives; they are Turks first and Moslems second.

Ankara, as capital and showplace, presents strange contrasts. The Cadillacs of the diplomats and businessmen mingle with donkeys delivering milk and firewood on the boulevards. You are awakened mornings in even the most fashionable sections by the crowing of roosters in some back yard. Large earth-moving equipment may be tearing up a street, but along the sidewalks porters carry tremendous loads upon their backs.

Culturally, the majority of Ankara's citizens (the laborers and domestic workers who came in from the villages) are nearer the folkways of the old Ottoman Empire than they are to Western ideas and art, yet Ankara has a national opera, a symphony orchestra, a classic ballet and five national theatres. Turkey's traditional literature is written in the Arabic script, a form abolished by the republic, so that it is as incomprehensible to modern Turkish writers as Old English is to most Americans; yet poets, novelists and short-story writers in Ankara have created a lively literary community, replete with all the enthusiasms, cliques and quarrels of artists elsewhere.

In drawing these contrasts I am talking mainly about Ankara, not the whole of Turkey. In Istanbul the differences are less great, because Istanbul remains the old city. Yet even there the towering Hilton Hotel and modern bank and office buildings have altered the famous skyline of domes and minarets. In the country the outline is even more blurred. If you walk down a village street, the women will still pull their headdresses over their faces and avert their eyes. If you visit during Ramadan (the traditional Moslem thirty-day fast), you will see the men of the village lined up like school boys before their little mosque, facing Mecca and participating in community prayer. Children may watch you passing and call out *Kafir* (infidel).

Yet even in the most backward villages you will note that the newest, and often the best, building is the schoolhouse. In approximately every tenth village you will see a group of modern buildings that represent the teachers' training institute for the area. The children of the villages no longer attend school only at the mosque, to be taught the words of the *Koran* by the local *hodja*. They learn the rudiments of reading, writing, arithmetic and particularly the history and ideals of the republic as set down by Ataturk.

ONE of the clearest differences between Ankara and the rest of Turkey can be expressed by pointing out that while Istanbul is as covered by mosques as Rome is by churches and while even the smallest village has at least one mosque, the central district of Ankara, Yenisehir, does not contain a single one. But all of Turkey today looks towards Europe and the West, not towards Arabia and the East. To recognize this is to see the miracle Ataturk achieved.

During the revolution in the 1920s, many Turks complained that Ataturk moved too far too fast with his reforms, and such criticism is occasionally heard today. The present national Administration of Celal Bayar and Adnan Menderes has stood, in part, because it introduced counter measures, particularly in allowing more influence to religion. Opponents of Bayar's "Democratic Party" claim that such concessions were made primarily to win the votes of the peasants, pointing out that Ataturk was not anti-religious, only resentful of the superstitions propagated by the old clergy and by the harmful political influence of the caliphate, which he abolished. It is significant that in the elections last fall Ankara gave its majority, not to the "democrats," but to Ataturk's "Republican Party," still headed by the aging revolutionary hero, Ismet Inonu.

It is difficult for a foreigner in Ankara to make much sense of the political situation. When the present administration came into office, it embarked on a policy of free trade which almost destroyed Turkey's national credit. Then, reversing itself, it set up such rigorous controls and made such claims for its long-term plans that its opponents raised charges of dictatorship. Controls on business, press and even education have become so strict that they have aroused resentment. The strict regulation of imports and exports has produced a hardship economy and given birth to a flourishing black market. The control of currency and prices has brought about a situtation where the Turkish lira, officially pegged at 2.80 to the dollar, sells on the free and black markets at 14.5 to the dollar.

Prime Minister Menderes pleads for patience, announcing that a favorable balance of trade is gradually being restored and pointing to Turkey's increase in productivity as the result of a furious program of construction.

There can be no question about the building program. In a recent trip that covered much of Anatolia, I saw many new factories, new electric power installations, and grain-storage elevators. As I write this, I can look out my window and see five new apartment houses in various stages of construction. Each month, it seems, a new hotel opens in Ankara. There are new bank and office buildings; the new parliament building was opened briefly for the first time to accommodate the recent meetings of the Baghdad Pact alliance. Almost the whole of Ataturk Boulevard has been torn up, widened and improved during the fourteen months I have been here.

During the same period, I have seen a gradual decline in living standards and an increase in the cost of living. I have seen the decay of the old buses and taxis that provide transportation. They run without lights to save irreplaceable batteries, run on tires that would have been junked in any other country, and they are constantly breaking down in the middle of the streets. I have seen the disappearance of many products from the shops, including such necessities as penicillin and aspirin and such lux-

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RAY B. WEST, Jr., former editor of The Rocky Mountain Review *and author of* Kingdom of the Saints, *a history of the Mormons recently published in England, is now traveling in the Near East on a Fulbright grant.*

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uries as the Turk's favorite meat, spring lamb. I have heard complaints that the shortages are most acute in those areas where the administration did not win in the last election. One thing seems clear. If Adnan Menderes succeeds in stabilizing Turkey's economy (and a few experts, including the London *Financial Times*, are beginning to suspect he may), he will have done so because of a cheap labor supply and at the expense of personal freedom as it is known in other democracies. In intellectual circles in Ankara one hears little praise for the control of commodities or of ideas.

The Turks are not by nature or tradition democrats, but they do as a people have a tradition of independence and tolerance. They are today, as they showed themselves in the 1920s, a proud and courageous people. Nowhere is this better shown than in their determination not to be terrorized or bullied by their neighbors, Russia, Syria and Greece. On the matter of national security, the nation is united.

The most pressing external problem at present is the question of Cyprus, and the Turks are determined never to accept the EOKA proposals for "self-determination." The Turks on Cyprus are a minority, they admit, but the island lies forty miles from their coast, more than five hundred miles from Greece. They will not, they say (and I think they mean it), subject the Turks of Cyprus to Greek rule. What they demand is partitioning between the two nationalities.

Knowing Turks fear the influence of the large Greek community in the United States on American policy, but up to the present, they have also based their hopes on the fairness of American policy, if and when America becomes actively involved in a settlement.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

DARIUS MILHAUD's oratorio, *Les Choéphores*, is one of the most remarkable works composed in the twentieth century—an immense, heaving drama which staggers the mind by its vehemence and the luxuriousness of its medium. In a concert performance, the work can be bewildering because of its unremitting complexity and the thickness of its textures. Few orchestras, I suspect, can afford the amount of rehearsal time necessary for complete clarification of its elements. But more care is often expended upon a recording, and Igor Markevitch, who understands this music with rare immediacy, has made his new Decca record of *Les Choéphores* not only the first interpretation to find its way into the catalogs, but a collector's item as well. His instrument, the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris, sounds brilliant, flexible and smoothly polished; the *Chorale de l'Université* sings with complete accuracy and ease; and it would be hard to imagine a finer group of soloists than the one comprised of Geneviève Moizan, soprano; Hélène Bouvier, alto; Heinz Rehfuss, baritone; and Claude Nollier, narrator. Splendid engineering keeps the music's supporting elements gently in the background so that details of prime importance can rise from the mass.

It was a serious mistake, however, for Decca to issue this work without appending the Claudel text and an English translation. In all oratorios, words are difficult to understand. It is frustrating to hear a river of sounds flowing by, obviously predicated on a dramatic text, and to catch only isolated words. Decca should supply the texts at once, for their DL-9956 is an important issue, and will be with us a long time.

On this same disc, Markevitch gives a compelling performance of Honegger's Symphony No. 5 (*Di Tre Re*), also with the Lamoureux Orchestra. As a representative of the symphonic category, this is a disconcerting work, strangely formed, and occasionally lax in its choice of materials. In its strongest moments, however, it has the kind of diabolical power which was unique with Honegger, and there is no mistaking the masterly control exerted by the composer over all his expressive substance. The Fifth Symphony is not, I think, a perfect creation, but it is distinguished, pungent and sincere.

Another Decca issue of contemporary music (DL-9969) has the German composer, Paul Hindemith, conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in three of his own works: the *Concerto for Orchestra*, Op. 38; *Concert Music* for piano, brass and two harps, Op. 49; and the Ballet Overture: *Cupid and Psyche*. They are all attractive and relatively unmarred by the workaday manner which dulls so much of Hindemith's music. The *Concerto* starts off with a

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rather plain contrapuntal section, but it very shortly gets interested in itself and darts off in engrossing and curious directions. The style, of course, remains pure, black-and-white Hindemith. The *Concert Music*, because of its unusual instrumentation and the seriousness of its melodic writing, has both a handsome exterior and a strong line of expressive dissertation. To my mind, the passages between piano and harp are coloristically poor, but the attempt to combine these disparate sounds is worth hearing, even though it does not succeed. *Cupid and Psyche* is the shortest and the prettiest work of the three. Its spirit is astonishingly close to that of some of Milhaud, although its texture remains distinctly contrapuntal and Hindemithian.

A smaller opus by Hindemith, the Sonata in C for violin and piano, is grouped with the Bartok Sonata No. 2 and the Stravinsky *Duo Concertante*, for the same instruments, on Decca's DL-9980. Wolfgang Schneiderhan is the violinist; his assistant is Carl Seeman. It is surprising, since Schneiderhan is a Germanic musician, that his best performance is in the *Duo Concertante*, and not the Hindemith. He makes a number of provocative observations upon the Duo's internal details and, particularly in the *Gigue*, disports himself with crystalline energy and intelligence. The Bartok and Hindemith works are also well played, but Schneiderhan's insight into them seems less accurate. His performance of the Bartok needs to be more angular and acrid, while his careful, studious approach to the Hindemith serves only to compound the composer's own tendency toward heaviness and pedantry.

ACCORDING to reports, the twenty-seven-year-old American conductor, Lorin Maazel, has been enjoying a phenomenal European success in the past few years, and I was eager to hear his two new recordings—one of Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* and *Le Chant du Rossignol* done with the Berlin Radio Symphony (Decca DL-9978), and the other of two versions of *Romeo and Juliet*: the Tchaikovsky *Fantasy-Overture*, and the suite excerpted by Prokofieff from his own ballet on the subject. For the second record, the Berlin Philharmonic was used. (Decca DL-9967.)

From these four readings, it seems clear that Maazel is extremely gifted but only partly matured in a musico-emotional sense. His interpretation of the *Firebird Suite* is so clear that it brings out certain details which are covered over in almost every other performance of the score. It is an elegant reading and thoroughly meticulous. *Le Chant du Rossignol*, similarly, reveals many inner refinements which, under other batons, blur into a mêlée.

At the same time, because of his apparent desire to clarify and polish details, Maazel often adopts lethargic tempi which rob his work of tension and drama. Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* is a case in point. Its soft sections whisper so softly and ooze forth so slowly that the listener finally loses patience. Even climactic sections, when they finally arrive, cannot mean much, for they have been so thrown out of perspective that they seem arbitrary and artificial. Tchaikovsky's pathos, which is often empty and bombastic, but which in this work is thoroughly real, is twisted out of kilter. It limps here and there, like a blind child, and never quite finds the road. In the same way, Maazel's interpretation of the Prokofieff seems small and lacking emotional vigor. The direction, well studied and meticulous, is overly restrained.

IN THE area of older music, Sylvia Marlowe has recently performed the Haydn Concerto in D and the Bach Concerto in D Minor for harpsichord and orchestra, led from the keyboard by the soloist (Capitol P-8375). Her playing of the Bach is completely ingratiating, achieving that fusion of joyousness and discipline which makes Bach always such a satisfying composer. The engineering of this record is not ideal, however, for the harpsichord and the accompanying strings seem strangely out of natural balance. Miss Marlowe's reading of the Haydn is flawed, in places, by unsteady rhythm. On Westminster's XWN 18698, another harpsichordist, the young Frenchman, Robert Veyron-Lacroix, plays thirty-two Sonatas by Cimarosa. There is nothing exceptionable in his interpretations, although a bit more poise with regard to rhythm and phrase entrances would have added musical excitement.

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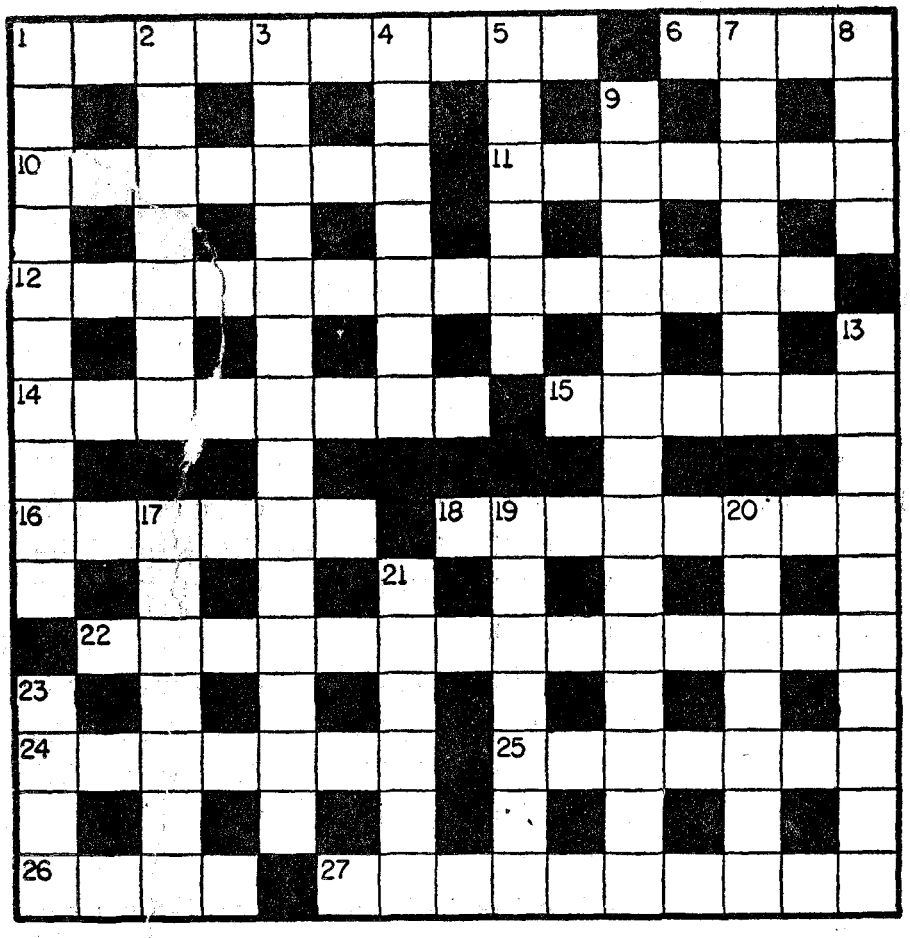
Crossword Puzzle No. 777

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Reed, as part of the military standing. (6, 4)
6 A bad pass might prove dangerous! (4)
10 Brings to light (but not necessarily positively!) (7)
11 One might assist the sort of singular 13 Emerson (or Hubbard?) recommended for construction. (7) commended for construction. (7)
12 Narrative based on a former French idea of where entertainment is sometimes put on? (7, 7)
14 Most rent might be responsible for worries! (8)
15 In South America, he might develop a cough! (6)
16 A basket-making affair? (6)
18 Reduces to inanition. (8)
22 It seems to be one of a maiden, stranger! (14)
24 Would hardly be applied to resisters. (7)
25 Italian town of romance. (7)
26 Exude, as the tube of the "Recessional" did. (4)
27 Do such people change their habits in making wrong right? (10)

DOWN:

1 They teach a sort of poor 4, with nothing lost. (10)
2 One who copies a fabric to stick on the wall again? (7)
3 In her I find a far-off surrounding which involves being cut off. (14)
4 One should one's 1 down. (7)
5 Charts the way to keep things from being 24. (6)
7 The bad part of the split's at an iconoclasm. (7)
8 Is it kind to make a class distinction? (4)
9 Even actors side with the result if you 2 down. (14)
13 Tripped by Mickey's relatives? (10)
17 Does this bird have only a little time at the entrance? (7)
19 They used to pump it on the line. (7)
20 Sty, perhaps. (7)
21 Where the captain might be game. (6)
23 Applied to a cry in the distance? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 776

Across: 1 LOCAL; 4 FOOTSTOOL; 9 INNINGS; 10 and 28 down FORCING BIDS; 11 and 29 CLANDESTINE; 12 and 13 BENCH SAWS; 16 OUTSTAY; 17 RABBETS; 19 HECTORS; 22 CASTLED; 24 and 26 SNOW PLOW; 25 CUPID; 30 INITIAL; 31 DISPLAYED; 32 SAGAS. Down: 1 LOINCLOTH; 2 and 3 CONTACT LENS; 4 FISHERY; 5 OFFICER; 6 SORE; 7 OXIDATE; 8 LOGES; 14 STROP; 15 ABASH; 18 SIDEWALKS; 20 CHOOSES; 21 STUPEFY; 22 CHILIAD; 23 LILTING; 24 SIDED; 27 GILL.

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